Designated Grandpa

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Designated Grandpa

by TigerPrawn

Summary

As pack alpha, Hannibal maybe accustom to keeping a community of werewolves in line, but things aren't so easy with his new extended family.

Notes

A little festive update from this lovely family

The table was perfectly set, Aiden noted. As perfectly as Hannibal always set his table, and he could feel Nigel taking it all in. Probably feeling more than a little out of place, as he had the first time he'd had a formal dinner with Hannibal and Will. He slid a hand under the table to his boyfriend's knee and gave it a reassuring squeeze.

At the least, Nigel likely felt a little uncomfortable over the whole thing, he'd made no secret of his feelings over the way Hannibal was. Stuck up, as Nigel called it. Which, whilst not untrue, sort of amused Aiden as he knew the softer undone side of the man, when he came down for a glass of water in his soft pyjamas with ruffled hair. Even so, he couldn't blame Nigel for not particularly looking forward to this New Year meal with Aiden's adopted family. At least he had made a point not to say anything around Brie. She already hadn't much been looking forward to it, still not quite sure about Hannibal at all.

Aiden was surprised when Nigel's hand slid over his, and gave a returning squeeze followed by a low chuckle. He glanced at the man to see what had amused him and saw his line of

sight was trained on Brie sitting opposite him.

She was picking curiously over the yet to be filled dinner plates in front of her, which were being harshly judged by the child who had no filter or care for one. As was evident from the little sneer on her face.

Will was busy getting the wine and Hannibal had retired to the kitchen to fetch their meals, but Brie kept flicking her eyes to the door as if waiting for something. Sure enough, when Hannibal came in, laden with plates of food, Brie didn't hesitate -

"This plate isn't any good," She informed Hannibal.

He stopped at the side of the table and blinked, Aiden could just feel Nigel next to him trying not to laugh. Hannibal carefully placed down the trays of exquisitely prepared side dishes before walking to stand next to Brie and look down at her plate.

"It's Royal Doulton. These services are no longer available, I use them only for special guests," Hannibal's smile was an attempt at warmth towards the child. And it struck Aiden how he had never seen Hannibal around younger children, he himself had been a few years older than Brie when Hannibal and Will took him in.

But he knew Hannibal had a younger sister that had died, so maybe he just wasn't comfortable around young kids? Aiden winced, feeling as though there was about to be *another* disconnect that would rock them all. There had been plenty already, not including the whole way Nigel and Aiden had got together and the time Brie slammed the door in Hannibal's face. No, since then there had been more than one occasion where usually Hannibal, had said or done something that got the back up of, usually Nigel. It had never resulted in more than petulance from one or both of them, but it felt like a full blown argument was on the cards at some point.

Will clearly sensed it too as he returned to the table with two bottles of red, placing them down as he eyed the situation warily.

At that, Brie - who had been scowling at Hannibal since his response - crossed her arms violently across her chest and turned her steely eyes on Will.

"It's just not any good," Her usually sweet voice was full of exasperation that made Aiden smile. His little headstrong pup, she knew her own mind and no mistake.

"The plate?" Will queried as she unfolded her arms long enough to just push the place setting away from her.

Aiden tightened his grip on Nigel's thigh and took a sharp breath, knowing Hannibal really did prize this service and that it meant a lot for him to bring it out for this dinner. Nigel, meanwhile, was clearly amused, relaxing smugly back into his chair as though to give full rein to Brie in this matter.

Hannibal and Will seemed to both be frozen in place. Will's eyes locked on Hannibal, Hannibal's eyes locked on Brie. Brie glaring at Hannibal like she was about to throw down

over a fancy dinner plate.

Nigel may seem content to watch it all unfold but Aiden found himself clearing his throat and interjecting, “Brie, honey, what’s the problem with the plate. It’s a very special plate that Han-”

“It’s. No. Good.” Brie turned her glare on Aiden, spelling it out for him.

Aiden wasn’t sure when he’d ever seen her more passionate or aggressive, and it wasn’t even close to the next full moon.

This reaction seemed to sober Nigel from his amusement and he leaned forward, asking her in a stage whisper, “Baby, is the plate too fancy?”

She turned to Nigel immediately, her face softening as she confided, also in a whisper that everyone could hear, “No daddy, I don’t like plates without animals on, like my kitty plate or the owl plate. And this one has no animals. Do you think Grandpa Hannibal and Grandpa Will don’t like animals? Because people that don’t like animals are *really* weird.”

She was frowning again and Nigel was trying to keep a straight face - again. Though Aiden had to admit he was as well now.

When he looked back up he could see that Hannibal and Will were now exchanging looks, both their faces full of wounded pride, amusement and adoration. He could tell Will was particularly touched by Brie referring to them as her grandparents. Though Hannibal still seemed to be reeling from the various insults to his plates and character.

“There’s that Chinese one with the dragons?” Will suggested.

“That isn’t meant for-” Hannibal began to reply sternly, but he was cut off.

Brie bounced in her chair with excitement, “I love dragons!”

Aiden saw the flicker of pain across Hannibal’s expression, the moment of tension and maybe even anger, before he gave a short nod, “Dragons it is, please excuse me.”

When Hannibal turned on his heal back to the kitchen, Aiden glanced at Will who was now trying not to laugh and definitely muttered something under his breath that sounded like “Pompous ass,” that had Nigel chuckling.

Well, in some ways this was actually going a lot better than Aiden thought it might have done, so there was that.

Wanting to keep the peace, if that were at all possible with so many strong willed people in room, especially when one of them was a precocious child, Aiden rose and followed Hannibal. He got to the kitchen to see Hannibal taking the plate in question, gingerly, from a display cabinet.

“I will just give this a quick wash first,” Hannibal informed him without looking up and Aiden wondered if he were really, truly mad at Brie.

“Uh, she… she didn’t mean anything by it. Brie’s just-”

He was cut off by Hannibal’s unexpected chuckle. His adopted father turned to him with a warm and familial smile.

“Never apologise for that child,” He grinned, “my dear boy, I have every expectation that that young lady will one day be alpha of this pack.”

Aiden laughed. He couldn’t deny that one bit. He felt a light happiness in his chest and new the year ahead would be wonderful.

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